

Pity Export Sales Manager John F. Johannsen. He's trying to get home from Merrie Old England and can't book passage—all filled up.

But the longer he stays the more sales he is engineering. Jack Olding & Co., Ltd., London, have just ordered a couple of Y Carryalls, a pair of Angledozer, a Heavy Duty Rooter and 7 PCU's.

Hy. Bergerat, Monnoyeur & Cie, Paris, have ordered two 6-Yards.

E. G. Nyman, Capetown, Union of South Africa, has ordered an Angledozer. Port Elizabeth, Union of South Africa, is taking its third 6-Yard.

Harleth Nelson is going on down to Durban in Natal province after he gets our equipment in operation at Kenya, British East Africa.

J. W. Le Tourneau moved this week from Prospect Road to 101 Moss avenue.

Jack Le Tourneau was in this week, getting ready for his South American junket.

And Salesman G. S. McKenty was in for a few days. Next week Advertising Manager George McNutt is going into the Wisconsin woods for a few days with him to get some first hand information on the operation of Le Tourneau equipment in logging, together with some good action pictures.

Eastern Salesmanager Denn Burgess thinks one of his star performers is about to knock over an order for a couple of 12-Yards and a Bulldozer to rehandle stock piles of coal.

Sorry to lose Roy Gummerson, cost accountant, gone to teach physical education, shorthand and bookkeeping at a Quincy high school. Welcome Winston Sumner to take his place, Wendell Richards to assist Denn Burgess and Jim Howell in place of Jack Spears, who has returned to the shop.

Editor being razed for jump head "Built To Work Together" on page 4 of Caterpillar edition, directly under picture of Dr. R. R. Brown, sitting on a donkey in Ecuador.

James Roger Caldwell arrived a few days ago at St. Francis Hospital to join the family of James Caldwell, PCU dept. He was weighed in at 8¾ lbs.

Last week Production Manager Jack Salvador left for a Michigan vacation. Elmer Isgren got away to Chicago for a couple of days to look at shop practices of another big user of welding. Elmer says that while we don't employ the most welders of any company in the United States, we do have the most under one roof.

But we won't have them very long if we follow the practice of one of the boys. The other day he tried to extinguish a welding machine fire with a wet rag. That's what we might call an electro-cute idea.

Our sweet voiced tenor, Pete Rutschman, won the hog-calling contest at the Old Settlers' Picnic last week.

For the benefit of Stockton, a few words about our Peoria plant dedication. Good crowds up to time of going to press—anticipate as good or better balance of week. Not all 3,000 seats filled, about half—perhaps a few more or less.

Day crew off at 5:30 so have time to get home and back for night meetings. Night crew knocks off at 7:15 for duration of service, sits in own section.

Shopmen's Chorus praiseworthy. Ushers good. Quartette up to usual excellence. Bill Retts—congregational singing well in hand, lots of confidence, pep. Distributors of door-to-door and Caterpillar NOW's splendid, conscientious, thoro. Sorry can't name everybody individually.

R. G. happy—his talks sincere, fervent, forceful, easy to hear through amplifier. But not as strenuous as when he gets into a man-to-man discussion with somebody on some shop difficulty.

RAY'S ACT—SEE—DONT'S

Maybe you pooh-pooh danger of losing an eye, but how about losing \$20? Or even \$5? State Safety Inspector was in Monday, looked the shop over, disgusted, said he was going to give us a few more days, then pay another visit. From then on any workman caught without SHATTERPROOF SAFETY GLASSES on his eyes subject to \$5 to \$20 fine.

Remember that doesn't come out of the company's cash box—it comes out of your pocket!

At Dedication of Peoria Plant



Top—Shopman R. G. Le Tourneau surrounded by other members of Shopmen's Chorus, flanked on the left by Quartetters Pete and Orrin Rutschman, on the right by Quartetters Norm Dirks and Bill Eitzen. Good looking boys immediately behind him are Song Leader Bill Retts and Pianist Ira Gerig.

Next below—Audience at Sunday afternoon dedicatory service. Bottom strip—Audience leaving at close of meeting.

"Goodbye" Forbidden In Barcelona, Spain

Communists, anarchists and socialists seized control a few days ago, reports Time, of the Region of Catalonia, Spain, which includes Barcelona, proclaimed it a separate state amid much frenzied carousing and shooting.

"The hordes now in charge in Catalonia resemble sewer rats come up for air, and I fear it is going to be difficult to get them down into the sewers again, whatever happens," says a French professor of Barcelona University, escaped to Paris.

"Thousands of convicts liberated from prison roam the streets and some of them have been made 'officials.' In the midst of this authorities are devoting plenty of time to campaigns against religion. The word *adios* (good-by) is banned as it evokes the name of God, and instead everyone has to say *salud* (greetings).

"A party of laborers from the Workers' General Union even tried to open the doors of the Barcelona insane asylum which would have set free 2,000 lunatics."

This seizing of the reins of government in country after country by the lawless, by the ruthless, by those who are "blasphemers . . . , fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God," makes more certain that we are "in the last days" when "perilous times shall come."

But happily for those who have acknowledged themselves as sinners and come to the Lord Jesus Christ for cleansing in the precious blood He shed at Calvary's cross, they will escape the sorer terrors yet to come.

Soon, surely very soon, the Lord Jesus, Who died and rose and ascended to heaven, is coming in the air to receive them to Himself, snatch His own both dead and living from this sin-cursed world.

Then they, as the Catalonians, will no more use the word good-by. However,

not for the same sorry reason, but because loved ones, friends then will be reunited never to part again.

Nor will there be good-by for those left behind. There will be a leave-taking from this earth to go to dwell in endless pain through eternity's ceaseless ages.

The believers will go to be forever with Him Whose name the Catalonians so despise, but before Whom they will have to bow. The rejectors will hear the One Who died that they might live say to them, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

For the one it is to be endless day in the presence of the Lord; for the other, endless night, shut out in the blackness of darkness.

The story is told, though not in these exact words, of a dying Christian who called his family around him, spoke to them one by one. All but one son had accepted Jesus Christ as Saviour, acknowledged Him as Lord. To each, until he came to this son, he spoke a few affectionate words of commendation and appreciation, and then said, "Goodnight," naming the one addressed. To this wayward son, too, he spoke a few loving words, but not of commendation, and then he said, "Goodbye, Jack."

"Dad," cried the young man, "why do you say 'Goodnight' to all the others, but 'Goodbye' to me?"

"Because," replied the dying father, "I'll see them in The Morning, but I have no hopes of seeing you again. Goodbye, Jack."

"No!" cried the boy in agony. "Don't say 'Goodbye,' Dad. I will, I do take the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour."

Only a little while later the father died. His last words were, "Goodnight, Jack—I'll see you in The Morning."

Small Dust of Scales, God's Value of Nations

Today as nation after nation is torn asunder, as Spain is being torn between its would-be saviours, the individual means practically nothing. The nation,

the political cause, is everything—bodies and souls of men are dirt cheap.

But that is man's view. In God's scales, the individual outweighs the nation; the soul of one person, and he the lowest of humanity, outmeasures in value the world. "What," asked the Lord Jesus Christ, "shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

But do the great nations mean nothing to God? "Behold," replies Isaiah 40:15, "the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance." A few pounds of potatoes are weighed, removed from the scales; a little dust is left behind—so appear the nations to God. What then must He think of the individual?

David said, "I am poor and needy, but the Lord thinketh upon me." God's thoughts of the individual, of one lost sinner, are illustrated in the parable which the Lord Jesus Christ told of the lost sheep. Leaving 99 of his 100 sheep in the wilderness, the shepherd goes searching for the lost one until he finds it. Then he lays it on his shoulder, goes home rejoicing and calls his friends and neighbors together to rejoice with him.

"I say unto you," added the Lord Jesus, "that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth . . ."

"God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son." But the individual believer in the Lord Jesus Christ can say, "He loved me and gave Himself for me."

Tells Conversion Story

A few days ago the editor asked Paul Rager, who has worked this summer in the Assembly Department of the Peoria plant, to write out briefly his testimony as a Christian. Here it is. We invite others in the shop or office to tell in these columns what the Lord has done for them.

It is just a little more than six years since I was converted. I was 15½ years old at that time. You may think that I

had never gotten into anything wrong at that age but I want to assure you differently.

I was born on camp meeting grounds in Indiana. My parents were Christians, and my mother had dedicated me to the Lord before my birth. After living in this environment for some time we moved to other locations in Indiana, and finally to Illinois. Here I received most of my grade school education.

In my early years I manifested the spirit which was within me. I stole things, used profanity, and was well on my way to ruin in my youth. I became a user of tobacco while still young, and my studies at school were suffering from this. Upon being told by my teacher in the seventh grade that I might fail if I did not do better, I decided to try cutting down on cigarets. This I managed to do, and in the eighth year came out eighth highest. But during the summer after I graduated I again smoked.

The following summer I was taken with summer flu and pleurisy. While I was confined to my bed, God spoke to my heart. I saw that I was a sinner, and that I needed a Saviour. I received Christ and He saved my soul. Needless to say, I was happy to have my sins forgiven and eternal life given me. God has given me grace to make wrongs right and to live for Him.

I will tell you briefly the causes of my former and latter conditions. In the Gospel of John, chapter 3, verse 6, we read: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit (spiritual)." In other words, you must have a new birth if you are to live for God. You cannot do it of yourself. Here is the secret how you may obtain this new life: John 1:12-13 "But as many as received Him (Jesus Christ), to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."